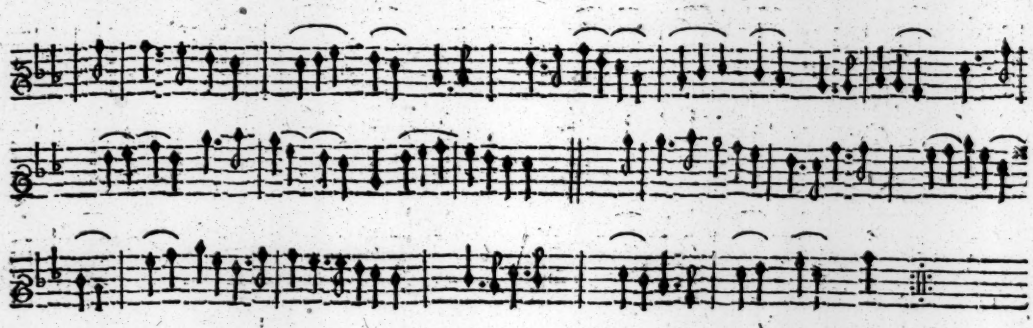
Faithful CORIDON;

135

Or, *Coy* Phillis *Conquer'd by Kind* Cupids *Assistance.*

When Damsels Fair doth thus Ensnare,
And win their Lovers heart,
Yet with a Frown can run him down,
Then Cupid *takes his Part.*

To the Tune of, *When May was in her Yourhful dress.* *This may be Printed, R. L. S.*



I.

NOw am I tost on waves of Love,
here like a Ship that's under Sail,
No kind entreaties will not move
my Love to send one pleasant Gale:
She is an Angel in mine Eye,
and Beauty flows in e'ry vein,
Yet I lye wounded fatally,
and by the Dart of her Disdain.

II.

The lusture of her Beauty bright,
hath kindled such a secret flame
Within my breast, that day and night,
I needs must call upon her Name;
Fair *Phillis*, *Phillis* too unkind,
why am I Banisht in Exile,
If thou wilt ease a grieved mind,
then send my heart a gentle smile.

III.

Was she as kind as she was Fair,
she soon would send me some relief,
And ease my mind of grief and care,
and vanish all the Clouds of grief:
But yet alas, it is in vain,
my Love she evermore defies,
Though I in sorrow here complain,
yet she resolv'd to Tyranize.

IV.

Assist me *Cupid* with thy aid,
and let me not be overthrown,
Do thou her gentle heart invade,
when she is silent all alone:
When her Enchanting eyes doth close,
and all her senses are at rest,
When she is in her Night repose,
then seize the Closet of her breast.

V.

Then *Cupid* took his Dart in hand,
not fearing then to make her yield,
He did not long disputing stand
e're he subdu'd and won the field;
When *Phillis* frown'd her heart betray'd,
and yet no creature could she see,
She like a Pensive Lover said,
what sudden change is wrought in me.

VI.

Then many sighs and tears she spent,
in sorrow for her Dearest dear,
Her yielding heart did then relent,
sweet *Coridon* would thou wert here;
Sure pride did over-sway my heart,
causing *Ambition* so to Reign,
But since I feel Loves fatal smart,
for *Coridon* I do complain.

VII.

Now when it plainly did appear,
that she in sorrows did condole;
This joyful tydings to his ear,
revived then his fainting Soul;
The vail of grief and heavines,
no longer seemed to remain,
No tongue was able to express
the joys of her beloved Swain.

VIII.

He then Embrast her in his arms,
and joyfully they did compleat
The most indeared pleasant charms,
with vows and tender kisses sweet;
Thus many fair expressions past,
and *Phillis* vowing thus did say,
As long as ever life doth last,
i'le be as constant as the day.

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